

Scrambled eggs by illyx

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Summary:

Mike and Nancy pay a visit to the Byers on a cold Autumn morning.
Post s2, so spoilers from that.

Scrambled eggs

Author's Note:

Hey everyone, I binged s2 in a day and had to write something for Jancy, now that is canon (yay). All mistakes are mine, I wrote this in a morning and I think at the begining is quite boring, but oh well, I had to post it anyway.

I hope you enjoy and I hope my muse stays so I can write more for this pairing.

P.S.: English is not my first language

Nancy was hit by the crisp, bright autumn air as she got out of her car. The Byers driveway was a bit muddy and she felt her boots stick to the ground, slowing her down. She wondered if Jonathan would be home, but then, it was still early in the morning, too early for school anyway, so where would he be?

“Nancy, are you coming or what?”

“If you could help carry these boxes I would be faster for sure, Mike!”

It was their mom’s idea, she had made mac and cheese the night before and she knew it was Will’s favourite, so she proposed that the two could bring some of it, along with some other intricate casserole she insisted to make to the Byers, just to relieve Joyce -and Jonathan- from some of the house chores and at the same time she could give Jonathan a lift school since Jonathan always does all the driving. She couldn’t disagree to that.

“Mike! Nancy! What are you doing here?” she heard exclaiming from the house door. Will was still in his pajamas, skinnier than ever, with his hollow cheeks and frail limbs, but his eyes, those were different. They had a gleam, a vivacity, a life that was missing since last year.

“Hey Will! We thought we could surprise you and we brought mom’s mac and cheese! And the new Avengers number!”

At that he erupted in a smile so big it took all of his face.

Mike had been such a caring friend for Will, she could burst from pride.

A moment later Joyce Byers came into the porch with wild hair and wilder eyes “Guys, we weren’t expecting you! I’m sorry I’m in such a state but come in, it’s cold! Jonathan is making breakfast, I’m sure he can add two portions!”

“There’s no need Mrs. Byers we already had breakfast at home” she said as they were coming in the kitchen “ besides, we’re the ones who brought some food. My mom insisted to bring Will’s favourite!”

“Oh darling, there was no need, but thank you, we appreciate it ... and how many times do I need to tell you to stop calling me Mrs. Byers? Jon, look who’s here! Could you add some eggs so we can all have breakfast?”

The sun was peeking from a window, Jonathan turned squinting his eyes from the light “Oh... ah... hey Nancy”

“Good morning Jonathan...” she said as she stood with her hands in her pockets, cheeks slightly pink just as she was a twelve-year-old in front of her crush for the first time. They had sex, for Christ’s sake! Nancy keep it together. His t-shirt was clinging to his chest, and seemed pretty similar to the one he wore that night. Similar to the one soaked in sweat he wore in Hopper’s cabin. She tried to dismiss the thought. God, but she had missed him.

“Mom I’m hungry how much longer?”

“Breakfast is coming bud!”

“Mike do you want some scrambled eggs? Nancy?”

She promptly refused. She wasn’t much hungry anyway and scrambled eggs reminded her of a curious, elating morning a few weeks ago in a conspiracy-theory detective studio.

They were all seated at the table, Mike already stuffing himself with eggs, Will slowly eating them and Jonathan picking at them with his

fork immersed in thought. Maybe he remembered those scrambled eggs, too. She decided to break the silence.

“ So is it okay if I give Jonathan a ride to school?”

“You know you don’t need to do that, Nancy... “ he said looking up from his plate.

“I know, it’s only fair I drive sometimes, besides I promised Lucas and Dustin to pick them up, too so it’s no big deal...”

“Well, ok then, thanks” he said averting his eyes.

As they were cleaning up the table, Mike and Will deep in conversation over some campaign they had to plan and Joyce off to work, Jonathan cleared his throat “Do you, I don’t know, maybe want to go out, have a walk before we leave for school?”

“Ok...” she nodded.

The sun was now completely up, heightening every detail of her surroundings.

They were walking slowly, lazily, hands in pockets, shoulders hunched.

Jonathan was the first to break the silence.

“So, how are you doing, Nance? How’s Mike?”

“Mike is good, still worried sick about Eleven but we know she’s fine and recovering, he just wishes he could see her... I think he might be in love...” she said smiling slightly.

“And you?”

Nancy looked up, eyes wide and only then Jonathan realized his mistake, quickly adding: “I meant you, how are you?”

“Oh! Mh...” she pondered kicking a pebble with her boot “I think I’m

fine, good even. It may seem strange after everything that happened, but giving Barb's parents some closure and justice, it really lifted a weight off my shoulders. I should be the one asking you how you've been these days and Will and your mom..."

"It's been tough but I can see Will getting better, Mom sleeps with him at night, helps with nightmares"

Nancy wondered if Jonathan had nightmares, too and if he did how he felt when he woke up , with cold sweat clinging to his skin looking around listening to every sweep of the wind. She may be fine during the day, mostly, but night was all another story.

"So... uhm...is Steve ok with you picking me up?"

"Steve? Jonathan I'm not with him anymore, he deserves someone who's in love with him and I think we all know that's not me... I mean, we were over after the Halloween Party, you should know that! That night... we never got to talk about it..."

"No, we didn't" he stated, looking down.

"Look, Jonathan I know that we had to drink that vodka and we were frustrated and away from home, so I completely understand if you want to forget about it and-"

"Forget?" he said in disbelief "Nancy, Christ... that night, with you, it's all I can think about. I should be the one wondering whether you regret it or not!"

At that, a sudden urge overcame Nancy, this needed to stop. This lack of communication, this uncertainty had to come to an end, or else she, they will go mad. She trapped him between her and the car and held his face with both of her hands.

"Jonathan Byers, you listen to me. If there is one thing I am sure about in this goddamn strange world is that I could never regret sleeping you. Never."

Their faces now were so close their breath intermingled "And I think about it all the time, too." At this point she could feel his body pressed against hers, she could smell the soapy, earthy smell of the

skin at the juncture of his neck, and she would be lying if she said she wasn't a bit delirious at this point "At night I touch myself and I think of you, of us, of how you've made me come-"

The feel of lips on hers at that moment was not that surprising, considering she had just confessed masturbating to him. Way to go, Wheeler. But every ounce of embarrassment was quickly forgotten as they tightened their hold on each other and began battling with their mouths and tongues, not even bothering to take air.

"God, Nancy... you don't even want to know how many times I've thought about you getting off" he managed to utter as she traced his ear with her tongue.

She moaned as Jonathan cupped her breasts from over her jumper. It was never like this with Steve she thought, it was nice, sure, but it was never this urgent, this sure, this unapologetic. She probably would have let Jonathan pull her jeans down and eat her up against her car in the broad daylight or she would have pulled his zipper down and rode him inside her car, on the passenger seat. Damn, her panties were wet and she whimpered as Jonathan traced her seam from over them.

"WHAT THE HELL!" Mike was standing in the driveway, with a face so horrified he looked a bit green, Will was petrified on the spot with wide eyes.

Jonathan and Nancy sprung apart as if they'd been burned, it would have been comical if it hadn't been terribly embarrassing.

"Uhm... hey guys..." began Jonathan, awkwardly scratching his head "If you want to go, we are ready..."

"Don't worry I saw how ready you two are, I'll need a bottle of bleach for each eye and a year of therapy paid by you, dear sister!" exclaimed Mike as he was getting inside the car.

Nancy sheepishly, took the driver's seat and started the car.

In the back seat the Byer's brothers sat as far from each other as possible, both red as tomatoes looking out of the window. Jonathan, however, caught her eyes a gave her a sideways smirk that made her cheeks even pinkier, if that was possible.

“So, Jonathan” Mike began turning menacingly towards him “what are your intentions with my sister?”

Nancy groaned against the steering wheel. It was going to be a long, long drive.

Author's Note:

I hope you enjoyed, kudos and comments give me life. Don't let me die.